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## **DRAMAtical Murder re:code - [Koujaku x Aoba]**

Translation and Proofreading: Shinocchi

*Please notify and credit me should you intend to repost the translations onto anywhere on the internet :)*

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Route Summary (comparison with original game)

||| New CGs: 2

||| Edited CG: 1

||| Main differences: New scene replacing the NSFW scene at the end; Edited CG at assault scene (Dialogues & narration remain the same as the original - suggestive terms and actions like 'he grabs my dick' removed.)

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||| Extra: **New CG - Scene where Koujaku and Aoba shook hands to clear their misunderstandings.**



Koujaku: □... Nothing has changed, nothing at all.□

Koujaku: □It's true that we were separated for some time. But our true nature remains the same.□

Koujaku: □It's just that we've grown up, and we start thinking about unnecessary stuff. I'm me, you're you. Right?□

Aoba: ☐Yeah.☐

Nodding, Koujaku smiles and reaches out his hand.

**Edited CG @ Glitter**

Original:



re:code:



||| Extra: **Additional Dialogues @ Touch Gallery:**

Aoba: ☐Argh, it's so embarrassing I'm gonna die. This is so embarrassing. I'm now... with this person....☐

Koujaku: ☐I can't believe this. Me and Aoba... From now onwards, I'll always cherish him.☐

Note: Aoba was so embarrassed in this specific moment that he covered Koujaku's mouth to stop him from saying more embarrassing stuff then proceeded to kiss him. This must be when the inner thoughts happened ;) Even though they didn't show the smut, the ending implies that Koujaku nosebleed during their first sex. Dork.

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### ||| New Scene Translation

There's only one new scene for Koujaku's route, replacing the R18 content in the epilogue. I was thinking of merely summarizing the scene but then I realized there isn't really a point to it so I decided to just translate it. So here you go!

This is actually the confession scene, taking place in Aoba's room. The change occurred right when Koujaku kisses Aoba's hair.

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Twirling a few strands of my hair, Koujaku buries his face against my shoulder and hugs me.

With his weight on me, I'm wrapped in his scent.

I can hear loud heartbeats against my chest. Do they belong to me? Or is Koujaku as nervous as me as well?

Either is fine.

Giving out a soft sigh, I stare blankly at the ceiling.

It's still hard to believe.

Koujaku is my childhood friend, and on top of that, a very important friend to me. But now, we have become so... close.

It feels like a dream. But I know this is the truth. This is reality.

Koujaku: □...Aoba.□

Lifting his head up from my shoulder, he slowly caresses my chest and my abdomen.

Aoba: □Woa— wait.... haha...□

Koujaku:□Hm?□

Aoba : □No, it's a bit, ticklish.□

Koujaku : "Ticklish?"

Aoba : "That's what I'm sayi— haha."

I know I shouldn't be laughing. But I really can't help it.

He's touching a place where even I myself don't really touch. It feels really ticklish.

Koujaku : "You... I'm dead serious here, you know."

Aoba : "I'm sorry, but... hahaha."

Once prodded, that one spot somehow becomes more sensitive than usual. I can't help but shake my hands as I continue laughing.

Aoba : "I can't, Koujaku, it's ticklish."

Koujaku : "You... Well, if it's that ticklish... I'll do this to you!"

As soon as he finishes his words, Koujaku suddenly attacks my ribs.

Aoba : "Woa— hahahaha! Wai- Koujaku, stop! Hahahaha! Stop!"

Attempting to escape, I turn around, trying to brush Koujaku's hands away at the same time. But nothing I do could stop his attacks.

Koujaku : "Laugh as much as you want!"

Aoba : "Koujaku, seriously, sto— woah!"

Koujaku : "Woah!"

Our aggressive motions cause us to lose our balance and before we know it, both of us are thrown off the bed.

Koujaku : "Ouch..."

Aoba : "...! Woa, Koujaku, sorry!"

It seems like Koujaku fell first, while me who followed suit falls right on top of him.

As I hear his strangled voice, I quickly lift myself up.

...But before I could do that, Koujaku grasps my wrist, stopping me.

Koujaku: "It's fine. It's nothing serious."

Aoba : "No, but..."

Koujaku : □I was the one who was fooling around. What do you call that? Serve me right?□

Koujaku smiles as he looks up at me. Seeing that, I feel a skip in my heart.

Koujaku : □It's good that Tae-san isn't around. Otherwise we'd get ourselves into trouble.□

Aoba : □Ah, you're right... huh?□

As I'm about to stand up, the grasp on my wrist strengthens.

Aoba : □...? Wait, I'm sitting on you, let me go.□

Koujaku : □It's okay. Just stay like this for a while.□

Aoba : □Huh? Why? It's heavy.□

Koujaku : □Not at all. I don't mind.□

Unable to understand what he's trying to convey, I frown as I continue staring at Koujaku's face. With a hint of tease in his eyes, Koujaku grins.

Koujaku : □This is such a nice view.□

Aoba : □Huh? What exactly?□

Koujaku : □This position.□

Aoba: □.....□

....Now that he mentions it.

The position I'm in now.... I'm now straddling on his waist.

Aoba : □You.....!□

Reaching out to grab a pillow from my bed, I throw it at his face.

Koujaku : □Buha!□ *T/N: He literally made this sound.*

Aoba:□Taste this suffocation!□(*He was pressing the pillow against Koujaku's face*)

Koujaku : □Ah, Aoba, it was a joke! I'm sorry!□

Aoba : □Seriously.□

Seeing how frantic Koujaku is, I take the pillow away and place it back on the bed.

Koujaku : "Haa.. I thought I'd die."

Aoba : "That's because you were saying weird things."

I'm about to get off when Koujaku grabs my wrist again.

Aoba : "You...!"

I give him a reflexive glare. But upon seeing the serious look on his face, I swallow back my words.

Koujaku : "Aoba."

Aoba : "...What is it?"

Koujaku : "Thank you."

Aoba : "What's this for?"

Koujaku : "Ah, nothing, more like, for responding to me."

Aoba : "....."

His words trigger a hint of anger out of me. Reaching out to the pillow again, I push it into his face.

Koujaku : "Woa—! Aoba...?!"

Aoba : "What was that? It's weird."

Koujaku : "...?"

Aoba : "What do you mean by responding to you? I didn't say what I said just because you were asking, okay?"

Aoba : "...I only said that because I really, I mean, seriously... like you."

Koujaku : "....."

I wanted to sound firm, but instead, heat starts to rise to my head.

Did I just say something extremely embarrassing?

Koujaku : "... But you..."

Taking the pillow off his face, Koujaku keeps staring at me.

Koujaku : □You were saying that you ‘think’ you like me. And ‘probably’ you like me.□

Aoba : □T-that’s because I was confused. You said it yourself... We’ve always been friends...□

Koujaku : □.....□

Aoba : □But.... When you said you like me, I don’t dislike it. When you hug me, and when you kiss me, I don’t... mind it at all... So...□

Aoba : □Even though we’re both guys, I don’t dislike any of those... So, I thought the answer is obvious.□

While I talk, the pillow falls off my hands. Koujaku picks it up and puts it by his side.

Koujaku : □...Aoba.□

With a smile on his face, Koujaku caresses my face. Without knowing what else to say, I quietly indulge in the momentary warmth.

Koujaku : □What you said makes me really happy. I’m so happy, I... I don’t know what to say.□

Aoba : □...I’m so embarrassed I feel like dying, hippo.□

Koujaku : □This is the first time I feel like this.□

Koujaku : □I want to touch you but I don’t know how I should go about it... All I know is I need to cherish you, that’s all I really care about.□

Koujaku : □I feel as if this is the first time I’m dating someone in my entire life...□

Aoba : □...T-that’s enough.□

Trying to stop him from continuing, I cover his mouth with my hand.

Koujaku continues staring at me. But with a face as red as a tomato, nothing I say sound convincing at all. Seeing through me, Koujaku gives out a laugh.

Aoba : □.....□

As if trying to block this scene out, I take my hand off Koujaku’s mouth.... and replace it with my lips.



Koujaku : □....!□

It's only a soft kiss. Soon, I separate our lips.

Embarrassed, I turn away while Koujaku gives out yet another laugh.

Koujaku : □You're seriously...□

Aoba : □.....□

Koujaku : □... Hey, Aoba.□

Aoba : □...Hm?□

Koujaku : □I have a request. Will you listen to it?□

Aoba : □You're not trying to say something weird again, right?□

Koujaku : □It's not that... Request... more like a dream.□

Aoba : □What is it?□

Ignoring my awkwardness, he brushes his fingers through my hair.

Koujaku : □I wish to cut your hair.□

Aoba : □..My hair?□

Koujaku : □Yeah, I know how much you hate people touching your hair.□

Koujaku : □But if there comes a day when you're fine with it, I wish... to cut it.□

It's true that I had never allowed anyone to cut my hair. I'd do it by myself.



But if it's Koujaku...

Aoba : "...Sure."

Koujaku : "Really?"

Aoba : "Yeah."

Koujaku : "Seriously?"

Aoba : "Of course."

Koujaku : "I see... I see, Aoba."

Koujaku hugs me tightly.

Koujaku : "Thank you."

Aoba: "You said that too many times"

Koujaku : "I can't help it. You're giving me all these feelings that I've never felt before."

Koujaku : "On top of that, you're realizing my dream. I seriously thought of giving up. I really appreciate it."

Seeing Koujaku being so happy makes me happy as well. Lifting up my face, I look at him.

I want to see what kind of expression he's wearing on his face.

The moment I see him, he's smiling at me. It makes me really happy...

And it draws a smile out of me.

What happened after this is basically the same as the original game.

*Note: I'm super glad they highlighted that 'I think you like me' part because it's been bothering me since the original game \_(:3/L*

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(~~~~~ DRAMAtical Murder re:code [~~~~~] ~~~~)